Old man. I my Lord.

Glost. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith'way to Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
Aboue the rest, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Douer?*

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnesse,
Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of Mobing,
And *Mohing* who since possesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee master.

Glo. Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excesse,
And each man haue enough: dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I master.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And ile repaire the misery
With something rich abou
From that place shall I no
Edg. Giue me thy arme,

Enter G

Gon. Welcome my Lor
Not met vs on the way: n

E

Stew. Madame within,
of the Army that was lan
coming, his answer was, t
the loyall seruice of his s
me for, and told me I ha
should most desire, seeme
Gon. Then shall you g
It is the cowish curre of
That dares not vndertak
Which tye him to an ans
May proue effects, backe
Hasten his musters, and c
I must change armes at h
Into my husbands hands
Shall passe betweene vs,
If you dare venter in yo
A mistresses coward, we
Decline your head; this
Would stretch thy spirit
Conceiue, and fare ywell
Bast. Yours in the ran
Gon. My most deare G
My foote vsurpes my he
Stew. Madame, heere

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